

Nothing Worth Having (Ever Comes Free) by The_lazy_eye

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - No Clown, Anal Sex, Angst, Blow Jobs, Emotionally Guarded Eddie, Eventually Feelings, Loan Sharks, M/M, Modern AU, OFC there's angst c'mon guys it's me writing this fucker, One Night Stand, Poor Boy Eddie, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, Trying Not To Catch Feelings, alcohol consumption, mentioned parental death, physical violence, rich boy richie, what could go wrong?

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-10-28

Updated: 2019-12-08

Packaged: 2019-12-16 18:31:24

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 11,345

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie isn't anything like him. He's got a daddy who will buy him anything he wants and a mom that doesn't live off of social security checks alone. Shit, he's probably never even had a job; never had to work for a single thing in his entire life. He's never seen the streets of New York the way Eddie has. That thought alone should be enough to turn Eddie off. It really, really should.

Except it isn't.

There's something in his bright eyes and stupid smile and the way he reaches out for Eddie's hand that draws him back in, again and again.

1. Nights Like These

There isn't a chunk of sidewalk that sits perfectly in this neighborhood.

Every piece of cement, every chunk of rock, every inch stretched out in front of him is a shattered, jagged mess. In these neighborhoods, there isn't enough money to fix such trivial things. Really, there isn't enough money to fix anything. The streetlight on the corner of his block has been busted up for *months* now and no public works worker has bothered to come out and fix it.

By now, Eddie knows where to step. He knows when he needs to lift his foot up a little higher or when he needs to brace for a longer step. It's in his blood, every detail runs through his viens. He swears he was born knowing where every pothole in his neighborhood is. It's an innate sense, something Bill calls street smarts.

Smarts, farts. Eddie doesn't need that shit. All he needs is the shirt on his back.

He steps over a large chunk of displaced concrete and continues his way down the road. His apartment sits in the middle of his block, cozily squished between several other tall, broken up buildings. The front door is hidden behind a thick, metal door that requires a code to enter. When he punches it in, a buzzer sounds. It's familiar, a welcome home chorus sung to him all his life.

His key sticks in the lock when he enters and he has to wiggle it to pull it free. He clicks the door closed quietly, listening for any movement into the apartment. It's quiet, save for the sound of game shows ringing from the living room and he takes his chance to open the closet and kick his shoes into the back. He shucks his shirt off, too, slipping it onto a hanger and nestling it between two of his jackets. His jeans are casual, so he keeps them, walking over to the kitchen table and grabbing a loose t-shirt that's hanging off the back of a chair and slipping it over his head on his way into the kitchen.

"Ma! I'm home!"

For a moment, there's no response and Eddie thinks that his mother might be asleep in her chair. Then, the TV mutes and Eddie hears, "Eddie-bear? Can you bring me a glass of water?"

He gets two and makes his way through the apartment. His mother is sitting in the same place she does every day, the same TV program playing and the same dishes stacked up on the table. She takes her water with a soft *thank you* and unmutes the TV, patting the arm of the couch for Eddie to sit.

He does.

"How was work?" She asks, eyes trained on some game show host as he explains the rules of the game.

"Fine," Eddie answers. Quick and easy answers, that's the best way to go.

"Make any big sales?" She asks, voice far away from the conversation. Eddie knows he could give almost any answer and she might not notice, but it's not worth the risk of her attention.

"Yeah, ma."

"My smart son," She hums. Her voice has a pleasant lilt to it, lifting up and floating into the air above them.

He sits with her until the program ends, and again until the next one ends. He lets her put her hand on his arm when she laughs and he smiles and nods when she looks over. When dinner rolls around, he boils water and makes pasta for the two of them. Butter and salt for her, light tomato sauce for himself.

Careful, Eddie-bear. Too much salt is bad for your body. Red sauce is so much better for you.

They eat in relative silence and when they're done, Eddie gathers the dinner dishes and washes them by hand. By the time he's done, his mother is mostly asleep in her chair, leg rest kicked out and seat leaned all the way back.

Quietly, Eddie makes his way over to her and kisses her on the cheek

before pulling a throw blanket from the couch over her.

"I love you so much," She whispers, voice heavy with sleep. "My smart son. Do you love your mother?"

"Yes, ma," He says, voice gentle in the quiet room.

"Tell me," She says back, eyes cracking up to look up at him.

He pauses for a beat, looking down at her. She looks older than she used to, skin sagging in ways that it didn't used to. Her face is graying, aging away into something more fragile than it used to be. She almost looks like, but Eddie knows better than to think that. He knows what sickness looks like, he's looked sickness in the eyes and watched it fade away into nothing. This isn't sickness, this is just his mother and he doesn't have it in him to break her heart when she looks so small.

"I love you too, mommy."

He shuts the lights off on his way out and carefully clicks the door to his bedroom shut. Inside, Bill is already waiting for him. He's got Eddie's closet thrown wide open and he's got three shirts and two pairs of pants on the bed.

"Dude, what the fuck?"

"Jesus, Eddie, how fuh-fuh-fucking long does it take to put Sonia to bed?"

"Shut up," Eddie grumbles and throws himself on the bed. Almost immediately, Bill throws a shirt at him.

"Get up, we're going out."

"Breaking into my house and then bossing me around? Jeez, Bill, you really know how to woo a guy," Eddie rolls his eyes but looks down at the shirt in his hands. It's a tank top, the one that shows off his back and chest the most.

"Uh-huh," Bill says. He's stopped tearing Eddie's wardrobe apart and is now leaning up against the closet door and starring Eddie down.

“This week has been tuh-too long.”

Bill tosses him one final article of clothing: bright red running shorts that should have been retired years ago if not for the way they make Eddie’s ass look. He wants to protest. He wants to say that *yes, it has been long and that’s why he wants to lay down and go to sleep* but the words die on his tongue. Bill is looking at him with so much desperate determination that Eddie knows he won’t win this battle. If there’s anyone he can’t say no to, it’s Big Bill.

The music is deafening, the lights blinding. There isn’t a single thing that Eddie can distinguish in the crowd of moving bodies. It’s exactly how he wants it. He just needs a little something to take the edge off, a little something to escape. Bill slips a drink into his hands with a cunning grin and he takes a sip – fuck, yes, Long Island iced-tea. The only good thing to ever come off that sorry excuse of an island. New York? No way. Long Island is just another trash borough in a trash city. But damn if they don’t know how to make a good drink.

Before he can decide where he wants to go first, Bill’s got a hand on his arm and is practically dragging him to the center of the dance floor. Sweaty bodies grind up against him, arm moving out and hitting him unintentionally. God, he’s not drunk enough for this, yet.

He takes a long drag of his drink and then Bill lets him go in favor of dancing. His own, long legs bob and move, his waist gyrates, and his head falls back onto his shoulders. Eddie would think he’s beautiful if he hadn’t known him at all. Hell, if he was never the big brother Eddie’s always thought of him as, he’d probably duck them into one of the bathrooms for a quickie.

Oh, well. C’est la vie.

It takes probably twenty minutes for Eddie to finish his first drink and then another ten for him to really start to feel it. His head becomes pleasantly light, his vision blurs the chaos of the club into something more tolerable, something a little enticing. Slowly, his own body starts to move. He can feel the music pumping in his veins, the rhythm of it syncing with his own heartbeat. This is the part he loves. Getting to the club is always a nightmare, Bill spends hours convincing him it’ll be a good time but it isn’t until he’s got at least

one drink in him that he believes a single word of it.

The music changes, fades out into something a little quicker, something with a little more pop to it and – oh, fuck, yeah. This is what he wants, this is what he can get *into*. Sure, Eddie loves a good steady beat but this? This is something he can *drop* to. This kind of song is what Eddie's body was made to dance to.

He abandons his empty drink on the DJ stand and moves back in front of Bill whose eyes are wide with excitement. Then, he loses himself. His eyes fall closed, his head tilts back, and every time the beat of the music pulses, Eddie's body moves in a different direction. First, it's his hips swaying back and forth, then it's his chest matching the movements, then his arms lift – almost unconsciously – above Eddie's head.

He hardly even notices when someone comes up behind him, gently grabs his waist and presses themselves close. He hardly feels the soft lips on the back of his neck or the way the stranger seems to know Eddie's next move, ready to meet him there. And when Eddie swings around, arms reaching up to drape themselves around this boy's shoulders, he doesn't even realize he's being stared at as if he's the most beautiful thing to ever set foot inside this filthy back room club.

When the song changes yet again, Eddie's too far lost in the music to stop moving. And the boy that's practically attached himself to Eddie is too good at letting him dance how he wants, so he doesn't bother moving away or changing partners. He watches, all too compliant to let Eddie drop low and pick himself back up or spin around and practically bend himself in half. While most other men would try to control Eddie, anchor their hands in his hips and hold him still or try to keep them pressed together, this guy doesn't. He just smiles in an almost goofy way and lets Eddie dance, unrestrained.

It's a gift.

Eddie doesn't know how long they dance like that before the stranger leans down and whispers, "Do you want another drink? My treat, cutie,"

Well, fuck, it might be not be the smartest thing to do but Eddie nods

eagerly, following him back to the bar and watching as he orders, pays, and lets the bar tender hand Eddie his cup personally.

They sip their drinks quiet, catching their breaths under the neon glow of the LED spotlights and Eddie finally gets a good look at the guy he's practically been using as a stripping pole for the last hour and a half. He's tall, but Eddie knew that from when he wrapped his arms around his shoulders. He's thin, also, but that's another thing Eddie picked up on. What he didn't see before is the mess of black curls that sat on his head, untamed and out of control, or the thick glasses that were practically slipping off the tip of his nose. When he leans in, Eddie can't get a read on the color of his eyes but he knows they're big and bright, eager to say whatever it is he's going to say. His smile is the same, different from most of the guys Eddie's encountered in places like this. There's something bright behind his lips, something genuine.

"So," He shouts over the music, "What do they call you?"

"What?" Eddie shouts back.

The guy leans in, lips almost touching Eddie's ear.

"What's your name?" He asks, quieter but close enough for Eddie to hear in this time.

His breath ghosts over the shell of Eddie's ear and a shudder runs down his spine. It's a weakness Eddie will never admit to, but the feeling of it makes his skin grow warm in ways that don't have to do with dancing.

"I don't do names," He says, and leans back with a coy grin. The boy in front of him throws his head back and laughs. Eddie can hear it over the music, it's loud and obnoxious but somehow doesn't turn him off. No, it has the exact opposite effect.

"I do," He says, and before Eddie can stop him he leans in, close enough to ghost over Eddie's ear for the second time, and says, "I'm Richie."

The look he gives Eddie is far from coy. It's brazened, challenging

almost, as if he expects Eddie to yield and surrender his name.

Well, too bad, *Richie*. No one cracks Eddie Kaspbrak with just a loud laugh and a challenge. It's going to take more than that.

Eddie doesn't answer him, he just smiles and wraps his lips around the straw of his drink in a way he knows will change the conversation. He takes a slow drag and winks.

It works, too, because Richie's eyes go from Eddie's own down to his lips, fixated on the way his tongue darks out after to swipe at any excess moisture. Something Richie obviously wants to do himself, judging by the way he leans in closer.

Eddie dodges, winks at Richie a second time, and moves back out onto the dance floor. Richie follows and bingo. Eddie's got him right where he wants him.

They get lost in the music again, Richie practically standing still and allowing Eddie to move and twist with the rhythm of the songs. Occasionally, his hands will grip his waist and he'll roll his hips into Eddie's, or he'll run his hands up and down Eddie's thighs or chest. Eddie will do the same, getting his hands on any part of Richie he can reach. He runs them up his shoulders and into that mop of hair, down his back and around to his stomach until his fingertips are sinking into the hem of Richie's jeans. It's a game he plays and the longer it goes on, the bolder he gets.

He's long since lost Bill in the crowd, maybe to a lucky stranger or maybe to himself. Bill has never had issues leaving the club alone and without Eddie. He's like a leaf caught in a gust of wind, allowing himself to go in whatever direction the wind might take him. Eddie hopes its into someone's pants because boy, does Bill need some action.

Richie and Eddie must stay pressed together for most of the night because eventually, the crowd begins to thin out. He checks his phone to see the time nearing one in the morning. He's got a missed call from Bill and a text telling him not to wait around. Good, because Eddie was about to tell him the same thing.

“Hey,” He says, leaning up into Richie’s space. Richie’s hands wind around his body, holding him close and swaying gently to the beat. “Wanna get out of here?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Richie says and then he leans in and presses a hot, open mouthed kiss to the side of Eddie’s neck. The feeling of it lights him on fire, every nerve ending registers the touch and is suddenly alive so when Richie pulls away, Eddie can’t help but crave more.

He grabs Richie’s hand and drags him toward the door, pushing past the thick crowd until they’re finally outside, the cool air washing over his skin. God, how fucking hot was he? He shivers again, reflexively, and Richie presses up against him, mouth working that same spot on his neck.

“Where to?”

“Uh,” Eddie starts. He looks dumbly down the sidewalk one way, then the other. There’s no way he can bring Richie home. His mother would skin both of them alive if he did that.

“I’ll call an Uber,” Richie says, licking at the spot he was kissing and then pulling his phone out.

The night is busy, cars zipping by on the main road in front of them. *Saturday nights are for the boys*, he thinks to himself and then smiles. The Uber shows up in less than five minutes and the ride isn’t too much longer. They can’t keep their hands off each other in the back seat, though it’s subtle with the way Eddie runs his hand up Richie’s thigh, stopping just short of the bulge in his jeans each time.

“You’re killing me,” He whispers, voice quieter than the music the coming from the speakers.

“Not yet, I’m not.”

Richie gives him a sly grin, asking “Are you planning on killing me in my own home?”

“Don’t worry,” Eddie says, “Not before I make you cum.”

“Oh, kinky. I could get into this,” Richie says and Eddie smacks him lightly, biting back a laugh.

Eddie doesn't notice where they go until they step out of the Uber. The street is quiet, almost completely still under the half moon. The lampposts shine down on them and he can see the cars lining the street and in driveways, bright paint jobs and no damage. Nissans, Toyotas, Acura's, Subaru's, none of them look older than five years. Where Eddie comes from, any cars parked outside of his house have rust encroaching the body, mufflers falling off.

His eyes drift from the cars to the fences. Each house – none of them duplexes, mind you, all standalone houses – has a fence and a driveway. Hell, some houses even have garages.

Richie takes his hand, leads him in through the gate and up onto the porch of some boujee, two story house a few paces down. There's a two rocking chairs off to the side with a small table between them and an ashtray perched on the railing of the porch. All of it seems homey and warm; different from the feeling of even his own home.

They toe off their shoes and pad upstairs, quick steps muffled by the soft sounds of socks on hardwood floors and then they're inside Richie room. It's huge, bigger than any bedroom Eddie's ever seen before. There's a queen-sized bed in the corner, sheets rumbled and askew; a large TV sits on a bookcase on the far end surrounded by small knick knacks; the closet is open and inside there are jackets, shirts, hoodies, more than Eddie can count. It's overwhelming to think that one person can own so much stuff and it's at that moment Eddie realizes that he's out of his element. This isn't the kind of person he usually ends up with, no. This has got to be someone from the upper east side or somewhere comparable.

He doesn't get much time to process it, thankfully, because Richie is on him the second the door clicks closed. He presses Eddie up against the door and rolls his hips once, clothed erection pressing into the side of Eddie's hip. The moan he lets out is quiet but deep, like he's been holding it back as long as he possibly could.

Things heat up from there. Eddie drags him down for a kiss, mouths sliding together in messy, frantic ways. Then, before he knows it, he's

being pulled off the door and pushed onto the bed, Richie's looming over him in the dim lighting of the bedroom.

"You're hot," He says, matter-of-fact.

Eddie grins up, matching that challenging look from hours before. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"You're alright." He says with a shrug, still grinning.

Richie laughs in response and lifts his shirt up over his head. "How about now?"

"Eh." Eddie leans back, crosses his arms behind his head, and makes himself comfortable.

He unbuckles his belt, tears it off and shimmies out of his jeans, leaving him in nothing but his socks and boxers. "Now?"

"Lose the socks, loser."

Richie barks out another laugh.

"God, so demanding," He says but he takes them off. "I do believe we're unevenly matched, my good dude."

"Oh yeah? What'cha gonna do about it?"

The bed presses down with the weight of Richie crawling over him, hands on either side of Eddie's shoulders and knees straddling his hips. He sits back on his calves, running his hands down Eddie's chest and says, "Even the playing field," before getting his fingers under the hem of Eddie's shirt and lifting.

Eddie helps, letting Richie get his shirt over his head, then drag his shorts down, and suddenly they're both half naked, staring at each other. It almost feels like one of them should say something, break the silence and get this thing moving but Eddie has no idea what to say. Richie is just staring down at him with these big blue eyes, and – oh, they're so blue. Eddie couldn't see them before, hardly

remembered to look once they got into the light, but now he can't look away. They're like mini oceans swirling behind big framed glasses, captivating, drawing him in.

This isn't like any one night stand he's ever had before. Normally someone's dick is in someone's hand by now, someone's clawing their way down the others back or moaning obscenities. Not with Richie, though. His hands don't rush, they don't pull and tear; they just run down Eddie's side and up his chest. There's silence where there's normally noise, stillness where there's normally movement. Yeah, he's hard, straining against his boxers and eager to get this thing rolling, but he's not persistent. He doesn't feel this burning need to go hot and heavy until the steam burns out.

Richie hands travel down to where Eddie's boxers sit and one hand plays with the elastic of the waistband.

"Can I take these off?"

"Yeah," Eddie breathes. Richie pulls the article down and flings it over the edge of the bed.

Then, it's just Eddie, raw and naked on the bed in front of Richie. It's weird, almost. Eddie hasn't even given Richie a name to use, yet he's laid out in front of him. *It's one of the most vulnerable things you can do*, Eddie thinks, *but like this, I have all the power.*

Richie is oblivious to the inner workings of Eddie's mind as he leans forward to nip little marks into the skin of his chest. Every nip is punctuated by a kiss, by the feeling of Richie's tongue soothing over the skin as he moves down.

When he gets down to the function of Eddie's hip, he nips at the skin one final time before looking up. "Can I?"

This time, Eddie can't speak. His breath is caught in his lungs as Richie leans down closer and closer to where he wants him to be.

"Oh, fuck," Eddie sighs because god dammit, Richie's mouth feels good. He's got his tongue on the crown, working at it until it's red and leaking, and then he takes the tip into his mouth. He sucks on it

long and slow, gradually sinking down the length of Eddie's cock until the whole thing is buried down his throat. The tight, wet heat of it is amazing and it takes everything in Eddie, plus Richie holding him down, to not buck up.

Richie sets up a rhythm, pulling up and tightening his tongue then sinking down and hollowing his cheeks. It's slow, unlike the other blowjobs Eddie's gotten before. Usually they're quick and messy, filthy sounds filling up the empty space of wherever it is they're fucking. With Richie, though, it's slow. It's like he's trying to drag Eddie's orgasm out instead of rip it.

"Fuck, Richie, *Richie*," Eddie moans. His thighs are shaking and he can feel the way his stomach quivers under Richie's hands. Fuck, he's not going to last much longer if Richie keeps this up.

Richie sinks down one last time, humming as he drags his lips back up and then he's kitten licking at the tip, staring up at Eddie with bright blue eyes that are somehow both innocent and devious at the same time. "How was that, Mr. No Name?"

"*Amazing.*"

"I really wish you would give me something to moan," He says as he crawls up Eddie's body, kissing a trail up his stomach, his chest, his neck. When Eddie doesn't answer, he keeps going. "I guess I'll have to make something up. How about cutie? I think that's fitting. You look so cute under me like this, squirming and moaning."

He runs his hands up Eddie's sides as he says it, stopping to tweak one of his nipples and then roaming back down again.

"Do you want me to fuck you now, cutie?" He asks, dipping in to press a quick kiss to the corner of Eddie's mouth. "Want me to stretch you out?"

Eddie nods, too overwhelmed to form words. Richie rolls off of him and stumbles to the other side of the room. He rifles through a draw for a moment and then produces a bottle of lube and a roll of condoms. When he clambers back onto the bed, he's got that stupid, blissful grin. He's such a contrast to the words that come out of his

mouth that Eddie almost gets whiplash.

“I’m gonna stretch you out nice and slow, get you real warmed up. Maybe make you beg for it. Then I’m gonna fuck you so good, cutie. So fucking good. All you have to do is lay there and take it, you don’t have to do anything. Just tell me what you want, alright? Just tell Richie what you like.”

Then, he’s squirting lube onto his hand and warming it between his fingers. Eddie bends his legs up, holds one against his chest and spreads the other against the mattress to allow Richie space to work. He settles there with ease, sitting on his knees spread. The position gives Eddie the perfect view of his boxers and he can see the outline of Richie’s cock pressing against them, begging to be released. He reaches down and cups it, tries to run his hand along the outline and Richie makes a strangled noise, head hanging down for a quick second before he grabs Eddie’s wrist. “Don’t worry about me, baby. Let me make you feel good.”

Something presses against Eddie, something wet and firm and, oh, Jesus Christ that feels good. Richie circles his finger, pressing against the pucker of skin every so often as he massages the sensitive area. Eddie’s head falls back against the mattress. It feels good, so good, but it’s not enough. It’s a tease compared to what Eddie knows is coming.

Richie teases his rim, circling and pressing the tip of his finger in only to withdraw it. It’s maddening, it makes Eddie groan in frustration. He’s about to complain, tell Richie to get a move on, when suddenly, Richie slips his entire finger in.

Fuck. Richie’s finger might be thin, but it’s impossibly long. It reaches further back than Eddie’s ever been able to get himself and he wonders if Richie’s dick is that long, too. He wants to find out, wants to be filled by it. His eyes catch Richie’s and they’ve gone from an amused, bright blue to something darker. His pupils are blown and his mouth hangs open just a touch as he pumps his finger in and out.

“Richie, please,” Eddie whines. He wiggles his hips down, meeting Richie’s steady thrusts. Another whine falls from his throat, high pitched and borderline desperate. Richie lets out a groan and nods,

eyes never leaving Eddie's as he slips a second finger in.

The stretch feels amazing. It burns in a way that isn't painful, but numbing and exhilarating at the same time. It lights that same fire from before, the one that burns up every single nerve ending in Eddie's body. God, if this is what two fingers can do, what can the rest?

Richie sets another steady rhythm, pumping his hand slowly and hooking his fingers every so often. Every time he brushes against Eddie's prostate, he quickly changes the angle. By the time he's got three fingers in, Eddie's a mess under him. He's panting, little moans falling from his lips. His eyes are shut tight and his hips meet Richie's hand on every thrust, desperate for him to go harder, faster, add another finger. God, fucking anything at this point.

"Richie," He pants, "Richie please, I can't. I need – I need more."

Richie shushes him, running his free hand up the length of Eddie's stomach as he continues his movements. It leaves a blazing trail in its wake, burning Eddie up from the inside out.

"Richie."

"Okay," He says.

Richie's heady eyes betray the steady tone of his voice as he withdraws his fingers and rips open the foil packet. He shimmies out of his boxers and Eddie can't look away. There it is, standing pert and ready for whatever happens next. It long, like Eddie imagined, but not too long. Thick, but not too thick. Maybe it's the sex talking, but it's the most perfect dick Eddie has ever seen.

Richie rolls the condom on with ease and Eddie finds himself jealous of Richie's hands. He wants to be the one to roll the condom on, he wants to feel the hot, heavy weight of Richie in his hands, in his mouth, on his tongue. God, he wants it so bad. He needs it.

Richie chuckles at the way Eddie makes grabby hands, reaching out for Richie but not stretching far enough to actually grab hold. His hands clench at thin air as Richie pours lube onto the length of his

dick and fists it, wet and slow. God, he's torturing him. He's doing it on purpose.

Finally, after what feels like years, Richie lines himself up. He runs another soothing hand down Eddie's chest and then takes his cock in his hands, slowly pumping up and down as he presses in.

It takes a minute for Richie to get fully seated. He sinks inside with the speed of a bus driving in an active school zone: frustratingly slow and cautious. And when he's pressed against Eddie, full seated and breathing heavy, he stays there for a million years. Just gently pumping Eddie's dick and whispering small praises to the space between them.

"Richie," Eddie gasps, "I swear to fuck if you don't move."

"Needy," Is all Richie says before he pulls out almost all the way and presses back in. He does it so intentionally, so firmly, that Eddie can feel the drag of his entire cock slipping out and in, out and in. It's intoxicatingly good, reaching deep inside of Eddie and filling him up, then moving out only to fill him again.

"Cutie," Richie's voice is tense as he talks, almost as if he's holding back. "Do you like it? God, you feel so good, so right around me. Is it good for you?"

Eddie nods because it does, it feels so good. It's so fucking good. Every time Riche pushes back in, the blunt head of his cock presses directly against Eddie's prostate and he sees stars, vision blacking out around the edges and pleasure flooding his system.

Richie leans over Eddie, presses his entire weight against him and kisses him. He continues his methodical movements while he does so, kissing and thrusting and kissing and thrusting. It's overwhelming. He's never had such a slow fuck feel so good before.

Then, Richie leans up, face only inches away from Eddie's and says, "I'm going to fuck you now."

Eddie can only moan before Richie is leaning back entirely. He gets his hands firmly on Eddie's hips, pulls out, and slams back in. The

harsh, blinding pace he sets is nothing like what they were doing before. Over and over again, he punches broken little noises out of Eddie. The sound of skin of skin echoes around the room.

“God, so good,” Richie moans, “So good. Wanna make you cum. Wanna make you cum all over me.”

He reaches down between them and fists Eddie’s cock tight and quick, leftover lube adding a delicious, slick friction to the feeling.

It’s so much, the feeling of Richie slamming into him over and over, not letting up for a second, and the feeling of being jacked off tight and quick sends him over the edge. He offers no warning, nothing but a strangled shout and then he’s painting both of them in thick, white stripes of cum.

Richie moans above him, pace picking up from calculated to erratic and messy. He makes it maybe thirty seconds longer than Eddie until his own hips are stuttering to a stop and he leans down, crying out into the skin of Eddie’s shoulder as he fills the condom. Eddie can feel him pulsing inside.

They stay like that for a few seconds, practically melting together into the mattress, catching their breaths and coming down from their respective highs. When Richie pulls out, he pulls out gently and ties off the condom, dropping it onto the trashcan at the side of the bed.

“How was that?” He asks, dropping down to lay next to Eddie. Lazily, he grabs a tissue from the bedside table and starts to wipe them both clean.

“How was that?” Eddie echoes, incredulous that Richie even has to ask. “I haven’t been fucked like that since, well maybe ever.”

Richie laughs, discarding the tissue and settling down next to Eddie. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. What the fuck was that?”

“The magic of Tozier Dick,” Richie chuckles. He reaches out, almost unsure, before settling his hand on Eddie’s chest. Eddie lets him, offering nothing more than a brief look of caution.

“Someone’s full of himself.”

“How can I be full of myself when you were full of me just a second ago?”

“Ugh,” Eddie scoffs, a laugh creeping into the corners of his voice. “I regret everything that just happened.”

“Really?” Richie asks. He looks almost worried, hidden under the soft features of his face.

“No,” Eddie hums, looking up at the ceiling. “I don’t.”

“Good,” Richie says back and then his eyes are closed. He moves just a fraction closer to Eddie and settles into the bed. Eddie listens to him breathe until it’s steady, coming in even spurts.

When he starts to snore, Eddie takes the opportunity to slip out from under him, gingerly placing his hand on the pillow he moves to replace him.

2. Baby, It's Cold Outside

Summary for the Chapter:

Of course, Eddie's one night stand from *five months ago* is standing in his place of employment, ordering a pizza that normally Eddie would be the one making. Hell, if he'd have come in a half hour ago Eddie would be the one making it.

The bell above the pizza shop has no business being that loud. Honestly.

Sometimes, on good days, it isn't too disruptive. But on days like today, chilly days that bear down into your bones and stay there for hours after you're inside? That bell never stops ringing.

He's in the middle of an order, rolling the dough under his palms and watching as it gives to the pressure before he rolls it another direction, fluffing it up and pressing it down again. It's methodic and comforting, rolling like the waves of the ocean as it crashes against the shore.

God, he misses summer.

Coney Island is never more appealing than during the coldest months of the year. Really, it shouldn't be appealing at all. It's a tourist trap, a cesspool of germs and disease and overpriced hot dogs. But it's the closest thing they've got to a real beach.

Eddie's got a million memories buried under the sand. Most of them are with Bill. When they were younger, they used to run up and down the boardwalk as fast as they could. Sometimes, Bill could sneak them into the arcade. Other times, Eddie could sweet talk them onto rides. Most of their time, however, was spent on the beach or in the water. Eddie kept a spare change of clothes at Bill's so his mother wouldn't find out about his *dirty, disgusting dip in that horrible water!*

Despite how often Sonia claimed she could read minds, she never did find out.

The hot sand seems so far away, now. When was the last time they went down there? Definitely not this past summer. Eddie's been so wrapped up in, well, everything and Bill's been writing. That goddamn English degree he's got has him so wrapped up in all of these new projects. They've hung out, sure, but it's nothing like the good old days. Nothing like when they were carefree and young.

"Ay, Eduardo! What's taking so long with that damn pizza?"

Whoever's yelling, maybe Marco or David, doesn't do anything to help his mood. It's too damn loud in this shop. Too many kids with their friends chatting, too many noisy coworkers. And god forbid he forget about that fucking bell.

It goes off again, over and over, as he spreads the dough flat. By the time he's got it sauced and cheesed, Eddie counts about twenty different bells worth of kids going in and out. It doesn't help with the draft, either.

Thank god for brick ovens.

His shift is almost over by the time this last pie comes out of the oven, he'll be ready to clock out and head home. It's a comforting thought. Long cold days beg for sweatpants and hot tea. He's got extra blankets stuffed into the top of his closet for days like today, when the heat is off and the wind is on.

"I'll have a large plain to go," Comes drifting back toward the ovens. It's the same thing he's been hearing all day, but for some reason this catches his ear a little more. Something about that voice just sounds different.

"Will that be all for you today, sir?"

"Yeah – oh, wait. Actually, can I get a Snapple, too? Peach?"

He knows that voice. There's something in there that's distinctly familiar. Distinctly *unique*.

"You guys can keep the change."

His voice sounds like a smile. It sounds like someone who's got no

worries in the world.

It sounds a lot different in the daylight.

Oh, *fuck*.

Of course, Eddie's one night stand from *five months ago* is standing in his place of employment, ordering a pizza that normally Eddie would be the one making. Hell, if he'd have come in a half hour ago Eddie *would* be the one making it.

Eddie presses his back to the wall. Despite there being no way in hell Richie could see him, Eddie still insists on hiding. There's something comforting in the cool feeling of the wall against his suddenly hot skin.

Even though the transaction is over, he listens to whatever remains. There's some residual conversation. The cashier tells Richie it'll be ready in fifteen minutes and Richie makes some kind of joke about lasting way longer than that.

Eddie would laugh, but it hits a little too close to real life experience.

He could slip out the back.

There's a door that cuts straight through the kitchen, it would be easy to go unnoticed. He pushes off the wall and past Marco, past the rest of the staff, and right through the back door into the winter air. It hurt his lungs to breathe in so deep, but he did it anyway. He hadn't even noticed how little air was getting into his body, how tight his chest felt. God, he can't even remember the last time he felt this way.

He starts off down the sidewalk towards the D train. If he's diligent, he'll be home before three. The snow is an off grey kind of color, tainted by his time on the streets. It was pure only a few days ago, white sheen blinding in the sun. *Time erodes*, bitterly crosses his mind. *Things that were once good will always turn black.*

He can still hear Richie's laugh, even a block away. He can't tell if it's following him down the street or if it's in his memory, but it makes something tug in the base of his heart. Something he'd rather not

indulge.

Bill's voice, louder than that wicked other, rings through his mind next. *The universe guh-gives us signs, Eddie. You just ha-have to look for them-muh.*

Fucking hippie college bullshit.

Without even realizing it, Eddie is standing stock still in the center of the sidewalk. People knock his shoulders unkindly as they pass. Someone even shouts at him, but he hardly hears it.

With a sigh, he turns around.

The walk back to the shop seems longer, somehow. The blocks of sidewalk aren't as broke up in this part of town but he still knows where to step, has every dip and crack memorized so when he gets there, he doesn't have to think about it. Normally, that would be a blessing but right now Eddie wants nothing more than to be completely and utterly preoccupied.

He's not even sure what he's doing. Why the hell is he going back there? Richie probably doesn't even remember him. It's been so long and they were both drinking, it was so late. Eddie slipped out in the middle of the night with nothing to remember him by. What makes him think Richie's just going to recognize him, much less want anything to do with him?

God, he doesn't even have a plan. He's just going to walk in there like a bumbling idiot. *Oh, hey guys, I forgot my coat. Whoa, hey there kind stranger who fucked me within an inch of my life half a year ago? Funny meeting you here. Welp, see you guys tomorrow!"*

This is not going to end well.

He pauses in outside of the glass storefront, giving himself a moment to look in. There he is, standing there without a care in the world.

There's a red beanie holding down his curls, tampering them to the sides of his face. For a second, Eddie can't remember how unruly they really are. He remembers grabbing onto them, flashes of heat and urgency. He remembers they offered a good grip, but seeing

them now is different. They're not fucked up from dancing or sex. They're just sticking out beneath his cap, framing him in a way that's dangerously him. Right below the ends of his curls is a black scarf, wrapped tightly around his neck and tucked into the easy gray of his jacket.

He's got one arm jammed into the pocket of some fancy bomber jacket and the other clutches the latest of Apple's fancy releases. Something inside Eddie turns, something small but big enough to notice. He's at least three generations behind. It's not something he ever thinks about, or cares about really, but standing in the face of modern technology is intimidating when you've fallen far behind the masses.

He wonders if Richie care about that kind of stuff.

The whole thing feels very now or never, so he braces himself and pushes through the front door. The bell rings out, deafeningly loud in the small store. He feels like all eyes are on him, that this entire shop is full to the brim of people all staring at him, judging him for why he came back. Honestly, he doesn't know why he came back. Something about signs from the universe, whatever that means.

The reality of the shop is way different than how he feels. There are maybe six people in there, total. The cashier gives him a steady look and Eddie feels bad in an instant. He never bothered to learn the kid's name. He's probably in high school, lives in the neighborhood and uses this money for whatever hoodrat shit he can get up to. Eddie just couldn't bring himself to care, really. He'll probably quit by the time summer wraps back around just in time to end again and they'll need to find a new front man. His name just isn't worth memorizing.

The other people in the shop don't pay Eddie any mind. They sit at their tables, eat their food, wait for their pizzas to finish. If they glance at him, he doesn't notice. His eyes are a laser focused on Richie.

Funny enough, Richie doesn't look up from his phone. At least, not at first. He seems transfixed on whatever he's looking at, whatever he's typing out.

Well, this is as far as Eddie's plan went. He figured he'd walk into the shop, Richie would look right at him, and whatever was going to happen would happen. Now, though, Richie hasn't noticed him and he's standing here like a buffoon. He should leave, really, but he knows sure as shit that cashier boy will ask him about it tomorrow.

Who cares.

He's just about to leave, turn tail and get the fuck out of there, when Marco calls out Richie's order. Thankfully, he doesn't see Eddie standing awkwardly by the door. Richie collects his food, turns on his heel, and any chance Eddie had of escaping into the snow is gone.

They lock eyes almost immediately.

Something flashes across Richie's face. A look of confusion or hurt, Eddie can't quite figure it out. It's gone quick and replaced with a full on grin that spans the entire length of Richie's mouth and then some. When he starts walking over, Eddie still can't decide if this was a good idea or not.

"You come here often?" Richie asks.

"Best pizza in Brooklyn," Comes out easy enough. The cashier gives him a funny look at Eddie half expects him to say something. For some reason, Eddie doesn't feel like risking it. "Never seen you around these parts before."

"Yeah," Richie sighs, looking around. "I was seeing a friend around the corner and got the rumbles on my way home, so I figured I'd stop in for a pie."

"A whole pie?" Eddie laughs, "I know you're a giant but don't you think that's overkill?"

It's easy for some reason. Normally, Eddie finds strangers in the daylight awkward to talk to, awkward to be around. With Richie, though, it's as if they've known each other their whole lives.

Richie laughs. His eyes sparkle with it, shining in the shitty light of the store. "Yeah, maybe, but I'm not opposed to bringing some home for my family."

He pauses for a second, obviously considering something in his head, before continuing, "Or splitting it with a cute boy."

The cashier barks out a laugh while Eddie's ninety-nine percent sure he flushes from his ears straight to his toes. He wasn't expecting that.

But, really, what was he expecting? To walk in back in here and have a casual chat with Richie and then go separate ways? What was the point of that if he didn't at least get his number? This is going well, he shouldn't be feeling so out of place.

"What do you say?" Richie smiles his easy smile and leans forward. He's not too far into Eddie's space but he can smell the subtle hint of pine and cigarettes.

He lets it roll around in his head for just a moment. This idea of sharing a pizza with Richie, a stranger he'd met so long ago, is off putting for about a thousand reasons. The first one is just that. Richie is a *stranger*. The ghost of a one night stand. There more than enough reason for Eddie to think that this isn't real attraction, just residual come down from a stellar lay. It's like that feeling after you have a really good meal and you think you want more, but if you have a second helping you'll probably just get sick.

Second, Richie is rich as shit. Eddie still thinks about that house from time to time. He thinks about how quiet and peaceful everything was when he stepped out onto the sidewalk to crawl his way to the subways. He thinks about the Uber they took and how Eddie only every gets one when he's desperate.

When Eddie returned home that night, his street hummed with the kind of nightlife that would leave others feeling anxious. His neighbor smoked a joint on the stoop, two men lingered by a running car parked across the way. It was lively in the ways it should be so late at night. It was so different than where Eddie had been only an hour before.

They're two different boys from different sides of the tracks.

Richie isn't anything like him. He's got a daddy who will buy him anything he wants and a mom that doesn't live off of social security

checks alone. Shit, he's probably never even had a job; never had to work for a single thing in his entire life. He's never seen the streets of New York the way Eddie has. That thought alone should be enough to turn Eddie off.

It really, really should.

Except it isn't.

There's something in his bright eyes and stupid smile and the way he reaches out for Eddie's hand that draws him back in, again and again.

And, well, Eddie can't bring himself to say no.

The look on Richie's face was worth it by itself. When he smiled, like *really* smiled, he was all teeth. God, how could someone's mouth be that fucking big? They're pearly white and demanding behind his stretched lips, taking up more than half his face. Still, though, he's beautiful. Eddie just can't quite tell if it's the kind of beauty money buys or the kind that comes naturally.

With the food in hand, they make their way out into the streets. Eddie insisted, saying he'd rather go sit somewhere in a nearby park than eat in shop. It's just so beautiful this time of year. Yeah, it's cold, but they've got hot food to keep them warm.

Conveniently, he left out the part about how he worked there.

It's just as cold as before.

Richie reaches into his pocket and draws out a loose cigarette and a lighter. He pops the cigarette into his mouth, lights it, and takes a smooth inhale before a cloud of smoke rises above his head. He pockets the lighter and turns to Eddie, no doubt noticing the look of disgust on his head.

He looks like he's about to open his mouth, justify his bad habits with meaningless words, so Eddie cuts him off before he can.

"Don't," He says with a wave of his hand. "Save it for someone who cares."

“Aw, don’t be like that. It’s better than heroin.”

Good to know his jokes aren’t that good in the daylight, either.

“You never told me your name,” Richie continues. “Didn’t think it’d matter because I thought I’d never see you again. But now,” He waves his hand as if to make a point, gesturing at nothing as the glowing cherry of the cigarette makes patterns in the air.

“And what makes you think I’d tell you?” Eddie asks. Not to be mean, or anything, but it’s kind of fun to continue this charade outside of his normal circumstances.

Richie gives him a serious look before patting the lid of the pizza box. “I only share food with people I’m on a first name basis with.”

“So, you’re not above bribery then?” Eddie lets his eyes dart from Richie to the box, back to Richie again. He makes a show of it, feeling Richie’s own eyes bore into him while he mulls over his decision.

“Bold of you to assume I was under it.”

Eddie snorts, shaking his head and feeling the hold air tickle the very tip of his nose. Honestly, pizza sounds too good to pass up right now. He can’t remember the last time he went grocery shopping and he knows his mother wouldn’t have gone today. The only things in the fridge are a mostly gone jug of milk, some loose eggs, and maybe a bag of grated cheese. In his cabinets is an old box of cereal, some Kraft mac and cheese, and some other staple foods. They’re enough to whip up a few more dinners, but it’s nothing Eddie sees himself salivating over.

This pizza though? He’s practically drooling at the idea of it.

“Eddie,” He says after a moment.

“Eddie,” Richie repeats, as if he’s taking the name for a test run. “Is it short for anything? Edmund? Edwardo? Edgar? Oh, shit, are you Edgar Allen Poe reincarnated? That’d be sick. Is there a Raven in your house? I bet there is. And a cellar, too.”

He switches his voice into something that sounds out of the twenties, all old timey and gangster. “You ain’t gettin’ me down there! No, sir, you ain’t! Back, you temptress with your blinding good looks! Back, I say!”

Eddie laughs a little harder, shoving at Richie’s shoulder with zero strength. Richie’s laughing, too. Little bubbles of it get stuck up between the words of his accent until it dissolves completely and he’s back to sounding like Richie.

They end up sitting on a bench outside of some park Eddie can’t remember the name of. The wind happens to be muted in this spot so the chill lessens. His muscles stop involuntarily shifting beneath his skin, he stops shaking and chattering, *especially* after Richie hands him a slice. It’s not bubbling anymore, but it’s still hot enough to settle in his stomach and send waves of warmth to the rest of his body.

They don’t eat in silence. Idly, Eddie thinks Richie isn’t built for silence. He talks and talks and talks, asking questions and prompting Eddie to reply. It builds an easy flow between them and Eddie feels like he learns Richie’s entire life in the time they’re sitting on the bench.

Richie comes from a wealthy family. His father is a top tier orthodontist in the city and his mother works in investment banking. He’s lived on the upper east side of Manhattan for as long as he can remember. When he was in high school, he attended the Browning School. It was meant to funnel him into an Ivy League college where he might become a lawyer or doctor.

He manages to dodge any probing questions about his own life. Where did Eddie grow up? A small neighborhood in Brooklyn, nothing fancy. What does he do? Oh, he works with people, sells them things. Technically, that’s not a lie. He *does* sell pizza. Does he have a family? Yes, a late father and an ill mother. He spends a lot of time taking care of her, how noble.

He braces himself for the inevitable college question, but it doesn’t come. It’s not that Eddie doesn’t want to get a degree, he just can’t. If he had it his way, he would have gone to NYU and studied something

he was passionate about. Something that had to do with people, like medicine or psychology. Except maybe not medicine. Not anymore. The idea of spending his life trapped behind the white walls of a hospital leaves too bitter a taste in his mouth.

When Eddie asks if he'd gotten into any of the big name schools he'd been prepped for, Richie's attention suddenly becomes invested in the murky grey slush in the sidewalk. He scuffs his shoe through it twice before nodding and Eddie isn't sure if the red on his face had been there the entire time.

Richie graduated from Columbia, which is impressive on its own. His parents, however, were less than thrilled when it was with a bachelor's in theater instead of legal studies.

Now, at twenty four, Richie works for Takeroot Justice helping grassroot organizations get off the ground and strengthen communities in New York City. Specifically, Richie works on policy initiatives. Eddie listens in awe as Richie talks about the work he does.

"Sure, I'm not a lawyer like mom and pop wanted, but I don't think I'd be happy doing that. I'd pull my damn hair out with all the paperwork and legal jargon." He stops for a second, considering his words. "Not like I don't have a lot of paperwork, now. I just feel like I'm actually *doing* something, you know?"

It sounds cookie cutter to Eddie. Financially, Richie wants for nothing and this is the kind of thing Eddie has heard rich boys say his whole life. *Absolve me of my guilt, make me feel like my money is a gift.* It's usually a load of crap.

Despite that, Eddie sticks around until the last two slices of pizza gets cold. His toes ache in his shoes and his lips have gone completely numb, but he sits. Richie seems to notice. He unwraps his scarf, careful not to spill the last of their food out onto the sidewalk, and hands it to Eddie.

"You're shivering," Richie states. His voice isn't unkind, though. It's gentle.

Eddie takes it and wraps it around his neck in a messy twist. It's loose, but he can feel warm patches on the fabric from where it was tucked against Richie.

Richie, looking amused, says, "Well, I've never seen one worn like that before."

Eddie can feel his face burning. He avoids Richie's eyes when he says, "I'm not much of a scarf man."

"I can tell." Gingerly, Richie sets the pizza box on the other side of the bench before he leans in. He takes great care unwrapping and rewrapping the scarf around Eddie. He winds it once, twice around his neck and then pulls it gently to make sure the ends are even. Then, he unzips Eddie's hoddie a quarter of the way, tucking it in, and zips it back up. "There, now you don't look like you got into a fight with the damn thing and lost."

Eddie's face burns harder, his heartbeat quickening at their brief proximity. His breath even shortens. It's frustrating, that Richie has any kind of effect on him. People are passing them on the sidewalk as if they're not even there but Eddie can't see anyone outside of Richie. His energy is so big and bright, so powerful that Eddie doesn't think he could look away even if he wanted to. Of all the boys in New York, he's never met someone as captivating as Richie; someone that could make him turn around in the middle of the sidewalk and double back just to grasp at the straws of a second chance.

"We should go," Richie says, breaking Eddie out of his thoughts. When Eddie only nods, Richie reaches out an open hand. "Give me your phone. There's no way I'm letting you slip out of my fingers."

"Who says I want to be in your fingers?" Eddie levels him with a flat look, but Richie doesn't pay him any mind.

"I think you'd rather be on them, but that's a matter of semantics, babe."

Instead of answering, he knocks Richie's hand away and rolls his eyes. Still, he produces his phone and hands it over.

“Not a tech man, either,” Richie comments, jabbing at the screen to input his number.

“Some people don’t care about that shit,” Eddie scoffs, snatching it back.

Richie doesn’t pay him any mind. Instead, he reaches for the pizza box and offers it to Eddie. “I’m not going to finish this, you should take it home.”

“I’m not going to eat it,” Eddie lies. He doesn’t feel comfortable taking the pizza home. Even if Richie doesn’t know about his life, it still feels too much like a hand out. Plus, he knows his mother will flip her lid if he walked in with *this processed garbage*. “You said you were taking it home to your family.”

Richie just shrugs and smiles. He looks like he’s got something on the tip of his tongue, but there are so many words battling to come out that he opts to stay silent instead.

Their goodbye is quick and soon, Eddie is watching Richie walk in the opposite direction of the subway. He finds himself wondering if Richie’s ever taken the subway before or if he just drives everywhere in some fancy car. His car is probably just like his phone, sleek and shiny and the latest model. Richie is all new edges and high end choices, there’s no reason to be otherwise.

Just before the corner, Eddie watches as Richie stops in front of a man sitting on the sidewalk. He squats down for just a second, says something that Eddie can’t hear, and hands over the rest of the food. Then, he’s gone. Around the corner and out of sight.

The D train isn’t far from where they were. He relishes in the mostly broken heaters, taking as much heat from them and the crowd of strangers as he can manage while he makes his way home.

“Eddie? Honey-bear, how was work?”

“Fine, ma,” He says, kicking his shoes into the back of his closet. She’s not in the living room this time. She’s in the kitchen, and the mere idea of her turning around and catching him in his uniform is

numbing. Thankfully, he's got his winter coat on and she can't tell the difference between black jeans and slacks.

"Make any big sales?" She asks, then pauses. "Do I smell pizza?"

Fuck. When was the last time he washed his clothes? The smell doesn't start to get bad until at least a week.

"Yeah, ma. I met with a client on the Upper East Side today. Spent most of my day there, had to stop somewhere for food during negotiations. We sealed a pretty big deal."

She doesn't dignify his answer with a response. Instead, her eyes rake over him. They feel heavy and critical. When she speaks again, her voice is too even. "Is that a new scarf?"

Eddie quickly looks down to where Richie's scarf is tucked into his jacket.

"Oh," He says, then quickly follows it with, "It was colder than I expected so I stopped and bought a scarf."

He scared that she's going to notice the cigarette smoke on it, the way it catches into the fabric and lingers loud enough for anyone to smell it if they get close enough.

She doesn't, though. She just stands there, back turned to him as she fiddles with something in the sink.

The lies sit heavy on his tongue. They're specific enough to keep her at bay but vague enough for Eddie to still sound like he knows what he's talking about.

A dangerous thought occurs to him as he shuffles his way to his bedroom to strip into something more comfortable.

How much longer am I going to be able to keep this up?

He thinks about Richie, too. His untamed hair and dangerous eyes. Everything must come easy to him, born into money without having to lift a finger. It makes something hot and unpleasant settle in his stomach.

Richie Rich and Street Rat Eds. Fuck.

Maybe he could take advantage of this. It obviously wasn't meant to last, but if he could get a couple five star meals and ten star dickings out of it he'd be happy. This guy obviously has no issue flaunting his cash around and, as far as he knows, Eddie has no issues of his own to notice. Hell, in Richie eyes they're probably on the same level.

Eddie knows his type. Never one to look past his own fishbowl.

He's nice, though. Nicer than most of the uptown boys Eddie has never fucked with. Normally, it's a take what you want and run kind of situation. It's not like Eddie *steals* from them, but sometimes he might walk out with a little more than a sore back and a satisfied sex drive. It's never bigger than a keychain that looks neat or an expensive bottle of hair gel. Things they'll never miss, things they can easily replace.

This is New York, after all. You've got to be careful about who you let into your bedroom.

He didn't slip any souvenirs into his pockets when he left Richie's house. It crossed his mind, sure, but something didn't feel right. That room was in another universe. Everything was so still, so unique. Anything Eddie spent time debating on was priceless, but looking back that was probably an illusion. It makes him wonder what else about Richie is an illusion, a mirage.

He slips into a pair of sweats and an old shirt before making his way back into the kitchen. When he gets there, his mother is frowning into the sink.

"Momma, what is it?" She startles when he places his hand on her shoulder. The look she gives him reminds him of the ice outside.

"I thought you were going to have a nice dinner with your mother, is all. I'm having a good day, today. I wanted to cook for you. These days don't come often, you know."

Fucking hell.

"We can still have dinner."

“You had pizza with your *work friends*.” The way she says it spits venom into the small space between them. “That garbage isn’t good for you to begin with. I wanted to cook you something healthy. Something made with love, not cheap carbs in some dingy shop.”

“That was hours ago,” He lies. “We had pizza for *lunch*. I haven’t eaten since noon and it’s,” He pauses, dramatically leans in to check the time on the stove and kisses her cheek while he’s there. Anything to save this from getting worse. “Almost six. I’m starving.”

Sonia doesn’t quite brighten, but she does stand a little straighter. He takes it as his cue to back up a little bit, give her some space to move about the kitchen. She’s right, this is rare. Really, she should be on disability but has never gotten around to applying for it. His father was always the one who paid the bills anyway, but with him out of the picture it’s just the two of them. Sure, his dad didn’t make a lot of money but life was better with him around. Now, it’s just Eddie and his magical pharmaceuticals sales job and Frank’s social security checks.

“There he is!” Frank bellowed the second Eddie walked through the door. Even hooked up to a thousand different machines, his father was still an impressive man. His voice, which should have been weathered by the chemo, bounced up and down the hospital hallways.

“Dad, hey,” Eddie said, easy smile on his face. He’d got a bag of greasy burgers in one hand and a fresh bouquet of flowers in the other. “Mom asked me to pick these up for you. She sends her love.”

“And I send it back to her,” Frank said. He accepted the bouquet from Eddie, sitting up in his bed and pressing them to his face. He took a long inhale and smiled, letting it out through his mouth. His eyes drifted close for just a moment before fluttering back open. Eddie could see something behind those brown irises. Maybe it was regret; maybe it was longing. Either way, he didn’t ask.

“How are you feeling today?” Eddie took up his usual spot in the chair next to the bed. The bag crinkled as he opened it and the smell wafted up into the space. In less than a moment, Frank was practically drooling all over himself as he reached for the burger Eddie offered.

“Much better now that you’re here.”

It didn’t feel like a hospital when they were together like that. It didn’t feel like cancer.

He tries not to stare at the empty coat hook on the wall. When he tucks his mother in on the reclining chair, he tries not to think about the empty bed in the second bedroom where his parents used to sleep.

He tries not to think about the blood money he owes.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yay finally time for chapter two! I wrote out a smut scene for this but it just didn't fit so it'll probably go into the next one tbh

My semester is finally done and this is my last week of internship so I'm about to be a one job lady and free to write! Maybe this one will be finished by the time spring rolls around!

I hope you enjoy. Time to start letting the plot pick up!

Author's Note:

Y'all can thank oldguybones for this one. She sent me an ask one with a fic title and I came up with a literal multichapter blocked out fic for it and was like "oh one day I'll write this" and here we are. Writing it. Also huge thank you to XanderTheUndead for beating this for me! She's been so wonderful and I'm so excited to work with her on it!

This is gonna be a little fun short guy. A short, painful, eventual happy ending piece. If you read this far, thank you so much. Just so you guys know, I know this first chapter is saucy but this probably won't have excessive smut moving forward so if you're in it for the dick you might be in the wrong

fic. By all means, stay and see what goes down but also know it's not a smut centric fic. It's just a smutty af chapter.

Come chat @ [reddie-for-anything.tumblr.com!](https://reddie-for-anything.tumblr.com/)